

*Fal.* Do so, for it is worth the listening to, these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

*Prin.* So, two more already.

*Fal.* Their poynts being broken.

*Poy.* Downe fell his hose.

*Fal.* Began to giue me ground, but I followed me close, came in foot & hand, and with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I paid.

*Prin.* O monstrous! eleuen buckrom men growne out of two?

*Fal.* But as the diuell would haue it, three misbegotten knaues, in Kendall greene, came at my backe, and let driue at mee, for it was so darke, *Hal*, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

*Prin.* These lyes are like the father that begets them, grosse as a mountaine, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horseon obscene greasie tallow catch.

*Fal.* What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

*Prin.* Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendall greene, when it was so darke thou couldst not see thy hand? come tell vs your reason. What sayst thou to this?

*Poy.* Come, your reason, *Jack*, your reason.

*Fal.* What, vpon compulsion? Zounds, and I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would giue no man a reason vpon compulsion, I.

*Prin.* He bee no longer guilty of this sinne. This sanguine coward, this bed-prester, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh.

*Fal.* Zblood-you starueling, you elfskinne, you dried neats-tongue, buls pizzle, you steeke-fish: O for breath to vtter what is like thee? you taylors yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing tucke.

*Prin.* Well, breathe a while, and then to it againe, & when thou hast tried thy selfe in base comparisons, heare me speake but thus.

*Poy.* Marke, *lacke*.

*Prin.* We two saw you foure set on foure and bound them, & were masters of their wealth: mark now how a plaine tale shal put you downe: then did we two set on you foure, and with a word

word, outface'd you fro your prize, and haue it, yea, & can shew it you here in the house: and *Falstaffe*, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, & roared for mercy, & still run & roare, as euer I heard Bul-calf. What a slaue art thou to hacke thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight? what trickes? what deuice? what starting hole canst thou now finde out, to hide thee from this open & apparant shame?

*Poy.* Come lets heare, *lack*, what trickes hast thou now?

*Fal.* By the Lord, I knew yee as well as hee that made yee. Why heare you masters, was it for mee, to kill the Heire apparant? should I turne vpon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware instinct, the Lyon will not touch the true Prince, instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct, I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince: but by the Lord, Lads, I am glad you haue the money. Hostesse clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow: Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we haue a Play extempore?

*Prin.* Content, and the argument shall bee, thy running away.

*Fal.* A, no more of that *Hal*, & thou lonest me. Enter Hostesse.

*Hof.* O Iesu, my Lord the Prince!

*Prin.* How now my Lady the Hostesse, what saist thou to me?

*Hof.* Marry, my L. there is a noble man of the court, at doore, would speake with you: he sayes he comes from your father.

*Prin.* Giue him as much as will make him a Royall man, and send him backe againe to my mother.

*Fal.* What manner of man is he?

*Hof.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth grauity out of his Bed at mid-night? Shall I giue him his answer?

*Prin.* Prethee doe, *lack*.

*Fal.* Fayth, and ile send him packing.

*Prin.* Now sirs: birlady you fought faire, so did you *Peto*, so did you *Bardol*; you are Lyons too, you ran away vpon instinct; you will not touch the true Prince, no, fie.

*Bar.* Faith, I ran when I saw others runne.

E

Prince